SUBTERRANEAN SIDE SHOW

JJC

vol.3, no.2 march 1971

BOARD CANDIDATES PREPARE FOR JJC APRIL ELECTION

Four candidates will be on the ballot in April for election to fill two seats on the Joliet Junior College board of trustees. Incumbents Daniel Kennedy and Cecil Ingmire, and Judith Ann Baskin and John Bertrand will be on the ballot. Ingmire is a veterinarian, Kennedy a prominent Joliet attorney, Bertrand a JJC student, and Mrs. Baskin an active civic leader and wife of Shale Baskin, of Baskins clothier.

Already a massive student and adult campaign has started to swing into action. Reminiscent of last year's support of candidate Tom Fee, this year's candidates being supported are Judith Baskin and Daniel Kennedy. Kennedy was originally elected to the charter JJC board, where he is still an incumbent. Mrs. Baskin has proven herself to be very active in community affairs; she will speak, take questions, and listen to viewpoints at JJC this Thursday and Friday at 11 am in Shawnee 106-108. This is believed to be a first, in the fact of a candidate for the JC board speaking on campus and seeking student opinion and views.

SIDE SHOW ENDORSEMENT

The student staff of the Subterranean Side Show endorses the candidacy of Daniel Kennedy and Judith Ann Baskin for election to the JJC board. -(ED.)

CCC TO AWARD $211 IN LITERARY CONTEST

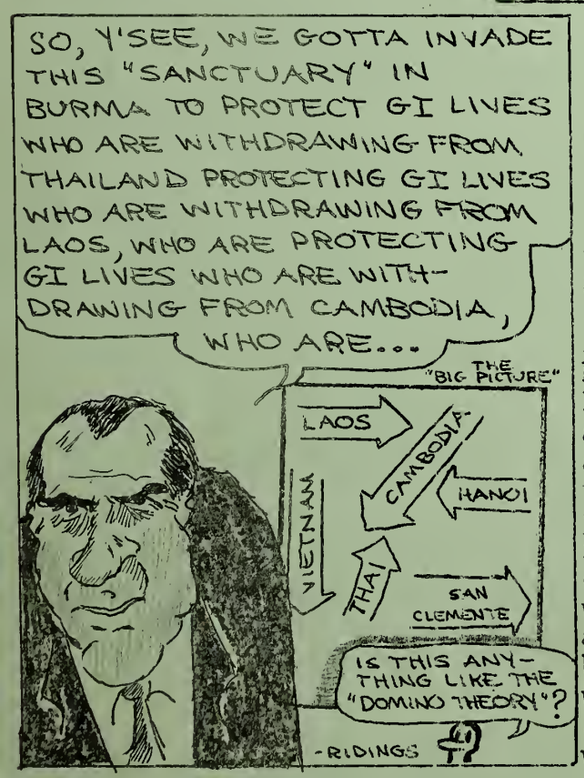
The JJC Cultural Cinema Club is sponsoring its second annual literary awards contest, commonly referred to as the Jimmy Awards. The club is offering $211 in prizes in the fields of poetry, short stories, short shorts, student movies, photographs, art works, reviews, persuasive essays, cartoons, and tapes. The money is donated by Mr. Stobart from his salary as CCC sponsor. A complete breakdown of prize categorys is listed on page 4.

The entrys are also in conjunction with entrys to Contemporary. The deadline for Contemporary is April 1, and the deadline for the CCC Jimmys is April 18. Work can be turned in to Mr. Stobart in Spoon River 118.

ccc adds more flics to spring lineup

Cultural Cinema Club has added several additional flics to its spring lineup since publication of the last SSS. Among the additions are a pair of W.C. Fields short features, films by Bergman and Fellini, a few Peter Sellers flics including "I Love You, Alice B Tcklas," and several others. A complete boxed lineup with dates and times appears of page 4. The CCC previously presented this year "In The Heat of the Night," "Alice's Restaurant," and "Days of Wine and Roses."

In this issue: previously unpublished award winning short story—page 2



THE NEW G.S.U. EDUCATION & ECSTACY?

By John Goodwin and Donald Laurant

David Schuelke, Acting Director of Communications and currently the spokesman for Governor State University "...a new senior state university for You, opening in Park Forest South this fall" told SSS correspondants Goodwin, Laurant, McIver and Apgar last month, "Many schools overlook the needs of the individual as a PERSON, and by way of institutionalized policy, they inadvertantly act as factory molds, churning out those types of people who can be utilized by our productive societal machinery. Though we are going to strive for de-centralizing the whole concept of assembly-line schooling, the people we will deal with are essentially goal-oriented; and since most students have experienced nothing but colleges that are credentially oriented, we will have to bend, semantically speaking, and speak traditionally. I mean, generally people want something (continued page 8)

letter to the editor

Dear Editor,
Just a note to tell you how much I enjoyed the last issue of Subterranean Side Show. I always look forward to reading it and find good creative writing and "relevant" humor refreshing and stimulating. I do have to disagree, however, with the article written about JJC's new creative pottery course. I was one of last semester's clay thumpers and although my efforts resulted in several mediocre pots and one rather nice wall hanging, I did derive a new-found appreciation for pottery as an art form. For this I must thank an excellent and competant instructor.

We live in a community where painting by numbers, glazing molds, and "polly parroting" worn out attitudes and ideas is the safe and popular thing to do. This course, I believe, is a creative outlet that (as in writing) frees us to feel, react, and express with honesty and discipline. Again, my compliments on an excellent publication.

Sincerely,
Ruth Kennedy
Rollingwood Court, Joliet

(ed.note) the SSS was not actually criticizing the pottery course, but inadvertantly using it as an example to satirize the Blazer policy of "pushing" lesser important and topical items...not that plugging them is bad...but we find fault with their doing it to the exclusion of other important subjects. We believe a college newspaper's front page (and contents) can do better than night school figures or the JJC Newsletter.

side show

Published monthly by the Cultural Cinema Club
Editor Jim Ridings
Staff John Goodwin, Joe Boyle, Ruth Swanson, Mike Wilhelmi, Laura Campos, Donald Laurant, Kevin Lagger, Ash McIver, John Winke, Oliver Apgar, Bill Holehan, Tom Flynn, Jim Battle, Claire Dunne
Adviser Mr. John Stobart

Articles, stories, cartoons, and opinions expressed within are those of the individual writer only.

Excuse me, are you waiting for the 7 o'clock bus?
Yes.
Well, it's here.
Oh...thank you.

The setting, a dilapidated clapboard bus depot set in a sea of gravel in a small midwestern town in Illinois. The time is seven o'clock. It's still dark outside and a chill wind quickens one's pace outside.

A young girl carrying a brown and tan suitcase pushes the door open and makes her way to the bus which is parked in front.

Good morning, chirps the bus driver.

The girl is startled out of reverie and can only answer with a nod.

A good morning, he said. Some good morning this is. Got to move to the back of the bus and get some sleep.

With a jerk the bus pulls out into the street. It glides past old familiar landmarks, Aunt Ella's general store, Harvey's shoe repair shop, and the Rialto Theatre.

Out on the highway it whizzes past farm houses and fields. Through the passing trees the sun can be seen rising. The crisp morning air hits the young girls face and causes her to stir. It carries the smell of fresh tortillas to her. She remembers watching her grandmother bent over the stove every morning making tortillas for the family.

She watches the sun rise. And thinks of her family. Her grandmother, while a young girl had run away from her family in Mexico with a bright industrious young man who promised her that in the United States it would be better. Opportunities and a better way of life is what they sought.

She was now running away from her family because they didnt understand her. This bus would take her to Chicago, but she wouldnt linger there. She was on her way to California. She had been reading about runaways who had found happiness there.

Sitting resolutely with suitcase firmly in hand, she resembled her grandmother so many years before. Her mother had died when she was young. Her father taught her that that there were many opportunities outside of this small town. He had taken her to Chicago and took her to museums, concerts, and showed her how wealthy people lived; how she could live if she studied hard in school. It had never occured to her to ask him why he had not made it to where these people were. He was smart, and in her eyes the smartest man in the world. But lately she had viewed him differently. She studied hard in school, but found out there were many things she did not know. Things they didnt teach in school. She had become disgusted and felt she was missing something. The only way for her to find out what her life lacked was to move out. She would not fail like her father had.

Her grandmother, years before, had left her family for the same reasons. Her father, a farmer, made only enough money to feed his family and send his daughter to school. With this, he was satisfied. Education was their hope for escape from that life. But education of itself does not bring success (success with a dollar sign after it).

The bus pulls into the depot of this sprawling city the Indians had called "stinking onions" or "Chicago." It is nine o'clock and people are scurrying pass on their way to work. The solitary sun is shining through the thick gray blanket of clouds.

I have an hour to waste before I leave town. How different Chicago seems. I used to like being here. Holding on to my fathers hand, struggling to keep up with him, I and my cousins would tour the city stores. It seemed to me that this must be the most beautiful place in which to live. The shiny windows, bright with holiday decorations, the invigorating brisk air, the bustling crowds carrying packages home, the lake surrounded by trees

(continued page 3)

short story

(continued from page 2)

shining with ice on their boughs. But now I can see that the faces of the bustling crowds are strained; glassy eyes and bitter mouths. The sky turned grey, the air is heavy with pollutants from automobile exhaust. The lake hides beneath it dead fish and rusty beer cans. COMMERCIALISM EVERYWHERE! Nature here and there trying to push through.

Stores with fake glitter, fake smiles on the sales clerks, hands grasping for money. I hurry past the glittering stores, past the bustling crowds, forsaking the lake. I enter the park.

Beneath my feet I can feel the soft earth. Trees offer some comfort. Tall and protective, I take their hand and let them lead me from the bustling crowds to the quiet of the grave.

...Claire Dunne

the case of the conscientious objector

By Jim Ridings and Ash McIver

Note: In this perilous day and age, when the monsterous Selective "Service" System machine hovers over the lives of American boys, threatening their physical well-being as well as their mental and moral selves, the Establishment allows a weak loophole for those appalled by the system called "conscientious objection." Such a status is granted on the whim of the Establishment on how well the subject can convince them of the "sincerity" of his belief. In addition to examining the unfairness and cruelty of this system, its actual worth in the "land of the free" should be studied in some depth.

The classic arguement of the C-O candidate usually concerns his opposition to war, religious beliefs, conception of God, and how they all fit together. It seems that the sacrificial lamb, whose life and future are on the line, must justify his philosophy and his belief in God to the system...when it is insane for any logical person to think any other than the opposite; that it is the corrupt, unfair system which must be justified to the persons philosophy and to God.

The so-called "eqitable" lottery system, which enables young men who happened to be born on lucky dates to be draft exempt, seems to be the Great Nixon Salve to heal the draft soreness. Yet reforming the draft is like reforming slavery(..all slaves born in July and August may be freed.)

It would seem that the only "fair" system would be that of "volunteers." But, even with physical dangers and the morality of the war aside, questions arise: Is a standing army needed in a nuclear age? Does it pay to train the nation's youth the art of killing? ("The marine corps builds Oswalds...")

"JOAN OF THE COWS"

Soon to be a student-made film.

By Bill Holehan

Our story begins in the most remote part of Mid-America's dairyland, somewhere in Wisconsin. Floyd Kurdokovitch and his average wife and 2 year old daughter are driving on vacation when suddenly the car went out of control and struck a corn bin, burying the car in a full crop of popcorn. Miraculously, the only survivor was little Joan, who crawled through an open window and headed for the green grazing lands of our ancestors. Oddly enough, as nature would have it, a herd of cows came upon the little orphan and took her in as one of their own. As time went on, a kindly brown cow named Bessy adopted little Joan and treated her as one of her own. Life was beautiful.

As luck would have it, one day a hunter accidentally killed Bessy, mistaking her for a short-horned deer. Little Joan was beside herself with sorrow, mooing incoherently when the hunter found her. After trying to console her, saying, "Now, now, there's no use in crying over spilt milk," the hunter took little Joan back to civilization.

Soon Joan was wearing dresses and attending school, and eventually learned to substitute language for mooing. Everything seemed to be going fine. Joan had made an excellent attempt at joining civilization and everyone was very proud of her. However, one day the inevitable finally happened. Joan was sitting in a restaurant eating a hamburger and drinking a glass of milk when suddenly something snapped deep inside her. Realizing

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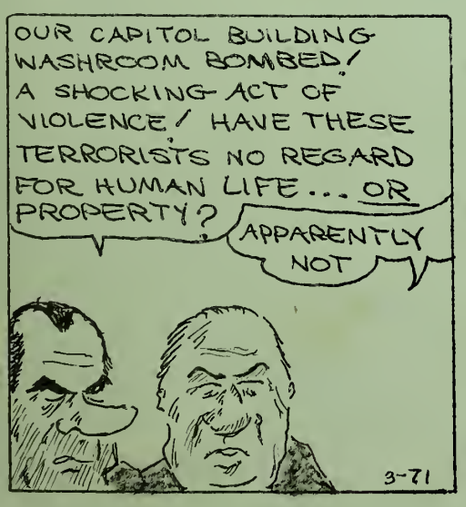

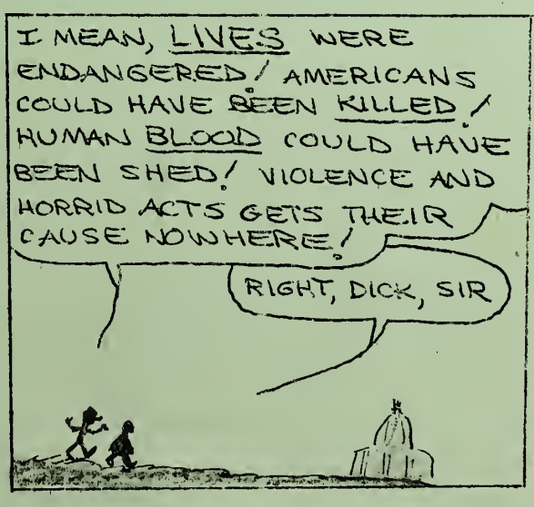

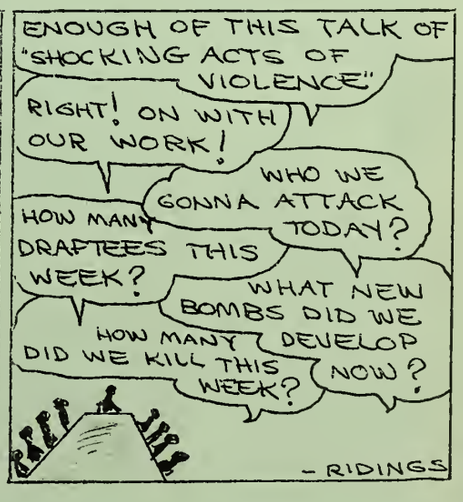

CCC AWARDS $211 IN PRIZES

The following is the complete breakdown of the categorys available to enter in the Cultural Cinema Club literary awards and their indivioual monetary values.

MOVIES ($30)

Cinematography.....$5
Editing.....$5
Soundtrack.....$5
Over-all 1st Place.....$10
Over-all 2nd Place.....$5

SHORT STORIES ($35)

Plotting.....$5
Characterization.....$5
Male.....$5
Female.....$5
Imagery and Symbolism.....$5
Over-all 1st Place.....$10

SHORT SHORT (under 1000 words: $15)

Plotting.....$5
Imagery and Symbolism.....$5
Over-all 1st Place.....$5

POETRY ($40)

Two divisions: Over and Under 20 Lines
First Place.....$10
Second Place.....$5
Third Place.....$2.50
Fourth Place.....$1.25
Fifth Place.....$1.25

PHOTOGRAPHS ($5)

ART ($31)

Pen or pencil 1st place.....$5
Pen or pencil 2nd place.....$1
Water color 1st place.....$3
Water color 2nd place.....$2
Oils 1st place.....$5
Oils 2nd place.....$2.50
Prints 1st place.....$5
Prints 2nd place.....$2.50
Sculpture or Pottery.....$5

REVIEWS ($15)

Movies.....$5
Books.....$5
Records.....$5

PERSUASIVE ESSAYS ($10)

Under 300 words.....$5
Over 300 words.....$5

CARTOONS ($10)

One panel.....$5
Over one panel.....$5

TAPES ($20)

Original comic.....$5
Original musical.....$5
Interpretive musical group....$5
Interpretive musical solo.....$5

The deadline to submit work is on April 18, in Spoon River 118, Mr. Stobart. All work will be returned upon request.

CCC FILM LINEUP

Mon. March 22 (L) Juliet of the Spirits
Thur March 25 (A) Case of the Mukkineese Battle Horns with Peter Sellers
Fri March 26 (J) I Love You Alice B. Toklas with Peter Sellers
Mon March 29 (L) Fifth Horseman is Fear
Mon April 5 (L) Seventh Seal a film by Bergman
Wed April 7 (J) The Thomas Crown Affair Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway
Mon April 19 (SF) Oh, What A Lovely War
Fri April 23 (J) Bus Stop
Mon April 26 (L) Greetings
Thur April 29 (A) The Pool Shark and The Fatal Glass of Beer WC Fields
Mon May 3 (SF) For King and Country
Mon May 10 (SF) To Die In Madrid
Wed May 12 (J) The Misfits with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe
Fri May 21 (J) Member of the Wedding with Julie Harris

(L): Lewis College, Learning Center
(SF): Saint Francis, Atrium
(J): JJC, at 7 pm
(A): JJC Activity period (11:00 am)
All films are free with JJC ID card including Lewis and Saint Francis showings. Times of showings at Lewis and Saint Francis to be posted.

congress committee formed offers cafeteria suggestions

By Donald Laurant and Oliver Apgar

The JJC cafeteria is the current subject of talks by a newly created college congress committee. The committee is concerned with cafeteria prices in addition to other suggestions. The following requests have been presented to Mr. Kern for consideration: 1) Lower coffee and tea prices, and/or offer a second cup; 2) Sell meals a la carte. Many people cannot afford cafeteria dinners. It would help if side dishes and entree could be purchased separately; 3) Have budget portions of main course. This would be a method of enabling prices to lowered without hurting the balance of the cafeteria budget. This would lessen waste, as many people cannot devour such large portions now standard. 4) Streamline some of the sandwiches. Less meat at a lower price would also be beneficial. It was also suggested that the cafeteria be opened through part of the evening school in an experiment to test their business potential.

U.S. A HIPPO WALLOWING IN MORE THAN JUST 'MUD'

"from the heap"

The United States is the leader of technological nations in the world today. As each year goes by, we build bigger machines. Efficiency is at an all time peak. Leviathans gore the landscape with iron teeth and claws, leaving in their wake pieces of concrete and steel. Other machines ply the sea to find the oil needed to slake an unquenchable thirst. Their gorlish maws cannot hold all the liquid, slobbering innumerable gallons into oceans littered with their garbage. Men are sent to the moon in search of great discoveries, and for all their efforts, we have statistics and rocks. The billions devoted to these endeavors spent forever, the man hours involved belong to the history of our time.

With all the ability we have to make ultimate machines, our country still wallows in the mud of ignorance, a hippo dying of cancer.

This might seem a strange analogy, for a hippo would never be able to fathom a cure for his disease. For this reason we are the land of the dying giant, or at least so it seems. We must rouse ourselves from the stupor of technology, and the grog of the dollar, or lie to die by our own hand. Each man must either realize the value of his brother and his world and put into proper perspective King Machine and his court or all will perish.

I spoke of many machines before, and I would like to close with the thought of one more machine. This is the paragon, this is the most efficient of all. It carries out its major goal to the letter, invaryingly it never fails. This is the war machine. War always kills and never fails. This is the last thought I have for you; think of your fellow Americans forged into cogs for the machine and think of all those who have died in its operation.

kankakee jc report

By John Goodwin

This is the first initial report in a series dealing with other junior colleges in the state which I have visited and interviewed. The first junior college: Kankakee.

Outwardly, KJC is a veritable tint-type of JJC ("they copied us... we're 2 years older."). They have somewhat similar looking temporary buildings. KJC even has a foosball machine...

(continued page 7)

paid adv

JUDITH ANN BASKIN

A BOARD CANDIDATE WHO WANTS TO LISTEN

(students, faculty, & administrative staff)

Meet her on THURSDAY and FRIDAY
march 25, 26
in SHAWNEE 106-108 11 AM

SHE WANTS YOUR IDEAS!

PAID POL. ADV.

"utopia or oblivion"

By John Goodwin

We all share the apprehensive results of a society that has excreted the wastes of its paranoic power drive into the fresh water streams, destroying stores of natural resources for the sake of its inane wars, and made the air unfit to breathe; all in all a precious gift to give tomorrow...the very real possibility that yours and my grandchildren wont have ground to stand on or air to inhale deeply like we did out in the country ...wouldn't you say? However, that kind of rhetoric, when taken too seriously, warps the masses into cliche-riders, and nothing ever results for all the semantics. Thus, situations deteriorate as do concepts.

The fact of the matter lies in raped environmental conditions and the fear that all might be used up. Comfort may be gotton in Einstein's studies, assuring us that matter and energy are identical and cannot be destroyed, only transformed. Our problems, therefore, lie not in vanishing resorces, but in misused and misapplied resources. Although this is known to basic physic students, the metaphor of waste has captured our imaginations so that few of us understand really what is happening.

Playboy Magazine suggests the importance of recycling ecological energies, pointing out... "it is not a disaster in which the universe is being eaten up by man; it is a situation in which the universe is being misused by man. Politicians usually believe in the finite

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smoking and the cia

By Tom Flynn

Questions have risen concerning the sincerity of the surgeon general's report on the effects of smoking. Sherman Skolnick of WGLD, a researcher of the validity of news concerning politics, economics, and social events, has certain proof for example, that the CIA is and has been running the country since 1962. With this theory in mind and to carry it one step farther; if the CIA is running the country, then they have, subsequently, their fingers of the operating room of the surgeon general. It has been proposed that the surgeon generals have been paid or forced by the CIA to stop the American public...the People, from smoking! Smoking cigarettes gives a person the

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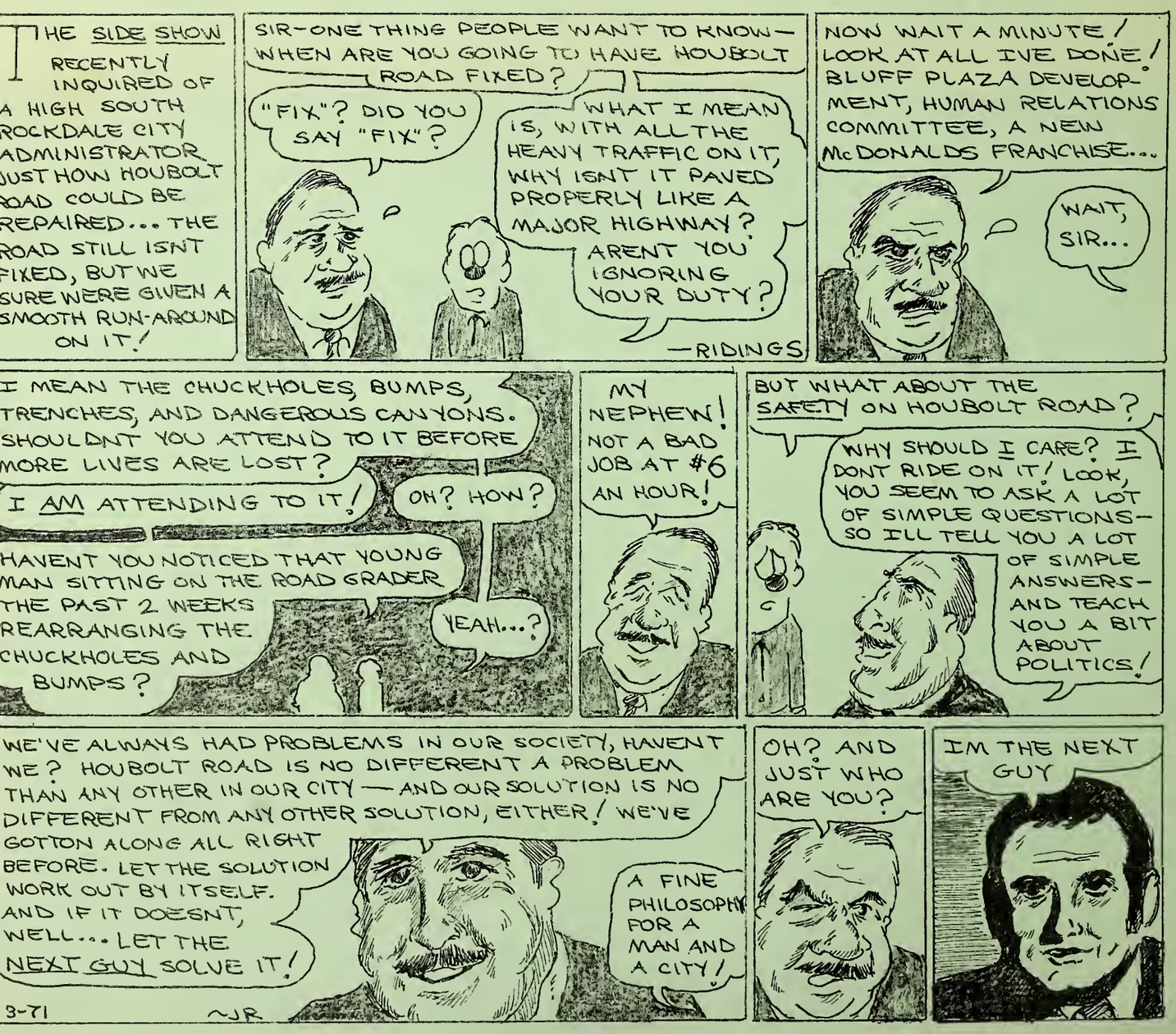


"JOAN OF THE COWS"

(continued from page 3)
that she might be eating one of the kids she grew up with, Joan went completely crazy. She jumped to her feet and tore her clothes off and let out a terrifying Moo and ran out of the restaurant. Obsessed with an uncontrollable passion, she ran through the city tearing down milk signs and throwing rocks through McDonalds windows.

Upon seeing a young milkman, Joan forced her way into his truck and raped him violently, forcing him to milk her at the end of the strange ordeal. Still half-crazed, she threw the young man from his truck and drove from the city, mooing wildly all the way out of town.

Coming upon a farm, she stopped at the first farm she came to. Shocked by what he saw, the startled farmer didnt have the strength to run from the mad cow-woman, and Joan had violated her second victim. The farmer, coming to his senses as Joan was forcing him to milk her, suddenly recieved a stroke of genius. Convincing Joan to go to the barn with him, he showed her his electric milking machine. The rest of the tragedy was simple. Joan's ecstacy was uncontrollable and before the farmer could stop her, she had milked herself to death. And as the poor cow-lady mooed her sad, last moo, the cows in the barn all gathered around to pay homage to one of their own.

Anyone interested in the role of Joan in the film production of "Joan of the Cows" should contact writer-producer-director Bill Holehan for a screen test.

CCC AWARDS

deadline—april 18
spoon river 118

smoking and the cia influence

(continued from page 6)
feeling of status; it also gives the smoker time to think. If a person is talking and smoking, the time to reply to a question is doubled by the fumbling with the "cancer stick." A point which is more important is smoking in bed. It has been proven by psychologists that at the time one is preparing to go to sleep, his thoughts concern the days affairs. Smoking a cigarette before going to sleep lenghtens this time, thus giving one more time to point out the illegal procedure, suppression, and manipulation of the government. The government run by the CIA, by their people, for their people. It is time Americans wake up and realize these underminded activities of the government and the first step one must take is to light up. Smoke a cigarette. Dont dwell on the propaganda that has been fed to you through the media by the government. Blow smoke rings, and you will think before you reply. Fumble with it; suck on it; hold it between your teeth. And if any ignorant fool confronts you with that worn out, overused, dull, deceitful, statement that "your teeth are going to get yellow," blow smoke in his face and watch his reaction.

utopia or oblivion

(continued from page 6)
nature of real resources in the Mathusian doctrin that most people must starve or otherwise perish so that a few can survive, and in the vulgar Darwinism that pictures the world as a struggle for the 'survival of the fittest'".

In "Utopia or Oblivion," R. Buckminster Fuller shows that the standard of living possessed by the richest 1% of the population in 1900 was shared by 45% in 1965; according to less certain theories, the life standards shoul therefore rise to 100% by 2000. We might blow up the planet instead, as suggested by Fuller's title. This type of utopia is impossible, of course, if people continue to think in the antiquated Malthusian-Darwinian terms, for every altruist who wants to split up the existing wealth will be equally matched by a conniving egotist who wants to grab as much of it as possible for himself. Of course, it is easier to speak of how scarce things are, and greedily enjoy than to attempt understanding. Fuller says it well: "It is very logical that man should fight to the death when he thinks there's not enough to go around. In fire, he loses all reason and tramples his fellow man as he competes for air. It is also very logical that man wont fight when he knows there's enough to go around."

kankakee report

(continued from page 5)
which must have been part of a deal between the state's junior college's and that damned company. Many non-entities play cards in the union; there is a kid named Frank who looks almost exactly like John Lennon. And I'm told that the ratio of girls to boys is at least 2 to 1, approaching 3 to 1. The faculty and advisors appear to be as friendly as JJC's, and the general curriculums as useless as JJC's, which makes me glad I'm not a student.

Their newspaper, "Chattaclair," is a true KJC "Blazer." Their Rowley-like president seems to hold an invisible rein on the paper as well as on the faculty, as evidenced by a recent non-hiring of a number of KJC faculty members who were "too liberal", and for no reason.

Next month: Waubonsee Juco.

governor state--- education & ecstacy? exclusive SSS interview

(continued from page 1)
very basic and hard core for their tuition money."

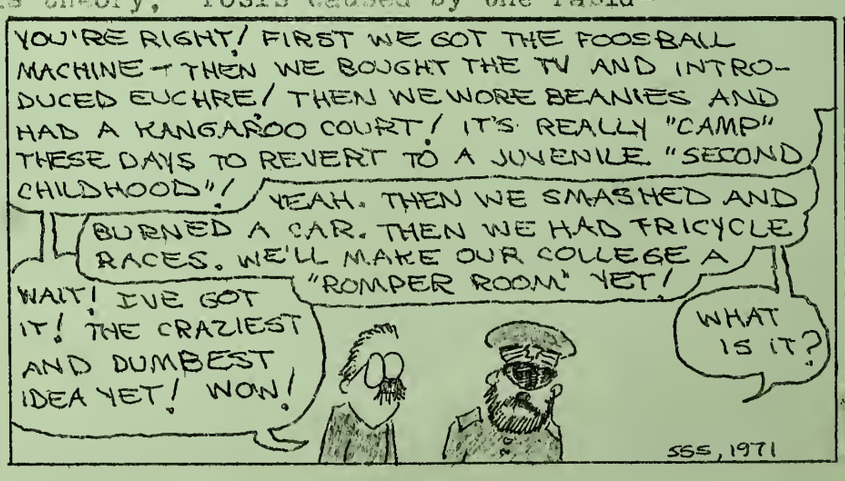
What immediately comes to the cynical mind is the countless other catalogs we've seen, wherein policy statements always plow out the seemingly inescapable and angelic rhetoric about the American Way, goals of an educational system unparalleled in history, and the tremendous privilege said lowly students enjoy therein. And yes, all men are created equal...

Governor State University, however, enfigures the Summerhill of our dreams, or to the extent it is possible when the patient of a public brainchild. We spoke last month with one of the PHD's from GSU, Prof. Dave Crispin; "There will be no grades, no courses, no failures recorded, nor any classes, to speak of." What hellish new methods of indoctrination have been hatched out there in that swamp by this demonic madman, under our very eyes?????

Bumpkin-like-yet-admirable Dave Schulke attempted to make our image of GSU more explicit. As the campus opens this fall, students will, for the first and possibly an awkward time, consult with advisors in the formulating and design of their curriculums. Set up on a form entitled, "Program Planning Schedule Contract," one can strive for his OWN goals, at his own speed, in his own manner, and by his own criteria. ("...there are no programs; there's YOUR program...a university should be an agent of discovery wherein one finds the means to effect the goals set forth on his planning contract, whatever they be...")

According to this theory, what if one doesnt have a particular goal in mind, but wants to discover where his head is at, so to speak? Schulke admitted that GSU will be operating on a methodology, or untried theory at first, and in light of that embryonic structure, and as a matter of course, GSU intends to be as flexible as each case dictates. The column on the left of the contract has therefore been titled "curriculum changes." In addition, the "subjects" (for the lack of...) contain neither a TIME element dictating unaccessible goals within a certain number of days, or regimented standards of comparison and competition that could ruin his academic record. At GSU, no failures are recognized/recorded as any of the university's business.

Questions as to how such a system as GSU could measure progress, successful completion of stipulated courses--even when self determined--indeed, the workings of the learning process, clouded our mind. Atypical to a background of effort/effect, labor/reward, and qualifications/status, said Schulke, we cannot conceive of a situation of adventerous revelation without being paranoid about the endless planes of measurement. Without the hulk of the job you'll need tomorrow, and how much your credentials will mean to what pay you'll receive. Without an undermined failure complex, no matter how hidden, always worrying about fitting in, or deeply guilty that we dont.

He went on with an extended personal theory about the inherent cultural nuerosis caused by the rapid-fire tragedies of WW I, the depression, WW II, and the devastating manifestation of a man-made force that could actually exterminate life as we have experienced it. And all we know, he said, that no rationalizations can justify the fact that we have gone too far, even if inadvertantly. It also had to be the rape of the force that could become a new life style, that of nuclear power. Resultingly, our culture has been super-obsessed with insuring survival, raising glutonous children, the amassing of stuffs once deprived, and the blatant power display so disasterously mighty in defense of a republic so outrageously god-like. Therein, all must be a part of the supernatural effort, or be cast aside as a retarded reject. It might be a reality of sorts, and if we only kill the enemy 45 times to their killing us 46 times, and all that...but what good is achieved if we save the place and destroy all vestiges of ourselves as people who would implement said freedoms? We both agreed that one could easily become over dramatic, and that it was debatable how much it had to do with GSU. It was bubble gum for the mind, however.

What was certain as we left the new/only building of the GSU campus was that herein lied a new attempt toward making education the thrill it was for all of us as youngsters, the wandering searching souls we were as each book was daring.